



Words DO hurt



help

suicide

bullying

👁 45

✓ 2

★ 8

Chapter 1 by Anghie Leigh (GONE...)

I stare at myself in the mirror, thinking how right *they* are. I am ugly.

No matter how much my parents tell me that I'm beautiful, that they're wrong... I believe those lies. Those *stupid* lies.

I know I shouldn't, but I still do.

They keep on going, each day their insults cutting me a little deeper.

You probably know that saying "sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me". Well that's just another lie.

There have been many times I wish they would just throw a stick or a stone at me instead. But that would be too easy.

I've learned to put up with it over the past few years, ignoring them several times.

But even though I try to let the words come in through one ear and slip out the other, they get stuck inside my brain.

I've seen teachers, the principal, psychologists, doctors...

Nothing works. Nothing stops them.

Today, tonight, I've made a choice.

Their words won't hurt me, any more.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

I grab my smart phone, and

time. Tonight's the night.

I'm planning this for a long

I walk up the hidden side of the Brooklyn bridge, looking at what lies bellow me. Nothing is gonna stop me now. I open my smartphone at the page where I wrote everything down. My suicide note.

I set it on the metal ground, and turn back to face the East River.

The wind blows through my hair, and I smile. I'll finally have the peace I've always wanted.

I step a little closer to the edge.

"Kaylee STOP". I turn around to see Josh, the closest thing I've ever had to a friend.

Chapter 2 by ojmc



I couldn't hear what he was saying, but none of it mattered now.

I turned my head to my phone and then faced him. Do i really want this?

I thought about Josh, then about my little sister....

My foot took another step.

"Kaylee, don't think about them, think about your sister, your parents..."

A gross feeling came to me as i realized that i was balancing on the edge of the bridge. For one second there was only me, Josh and this bridge... Silence, I turn around and think about my sister, how she would feel...

I was soo ready to run into Josh's arms, look into his eyes and tell him how I felt... Instead, the wind howled and swept me right off the edge of the bridge. My energie was gone, i was falling to my death. I could here Josh screaming....

"Argh!" i yell as my eyes fly open.

At the time my bed was hot, I was still shacking in horror about what just had happend. My long brown hair was tied back into a ponytail, and my eyes were fixed on the family portrait in front of me. In my room there were no mirrors except a little cracked piece of glass. I rush towards it and pick it up. There i was, the same Kaylee that i once new... I wasn't beautiful, but my heart was a crystal, a very fragile crystal that almost broke. That's when i realized that all these years i've had a choice to listen to those lies and to acknowledge them... And that's what i've been doing. The door to my room opens, and on the other side there's my sister. We stare into each other's eyes until i realize that she's crying... She run's into my arms and burrows her head into

my shoulder. I need to whisper. I'm sorry... What happened next would be what I would have expected... Instead of acknowledging what happened, she just said "I'm sorry" and then she said a few words like "I love you" and "welcome back".

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Chapter 2 by Hope



Did all of that really happen?

I wouldn't know. I couldn't know.

I rushed down the stairs, where I found mother sitting down, her head in her hands.

I put my hand on her shoulder, and I see her face, red with tears.

She hugs me, and we have a moment of silence.

Our father and sister joins us.

"I'm sorry." I say, the only words I'm able to say.

"Its not your fault." mom says. "No one can stop you from feeling."

"Words DO hurt. But there is always someone to save you from your sea."

And then I notice:

people *do* love me. They care.

I don't need a new life. I already had a good one.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

i You need to login before writing - click here

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(2bdfe261b986065ee0ac76460d6528c9_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(eebbd3dc1abeccf4c1e5751ec03fc559_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(269a46bd9f0c528dd4b0b2018aec306d_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account